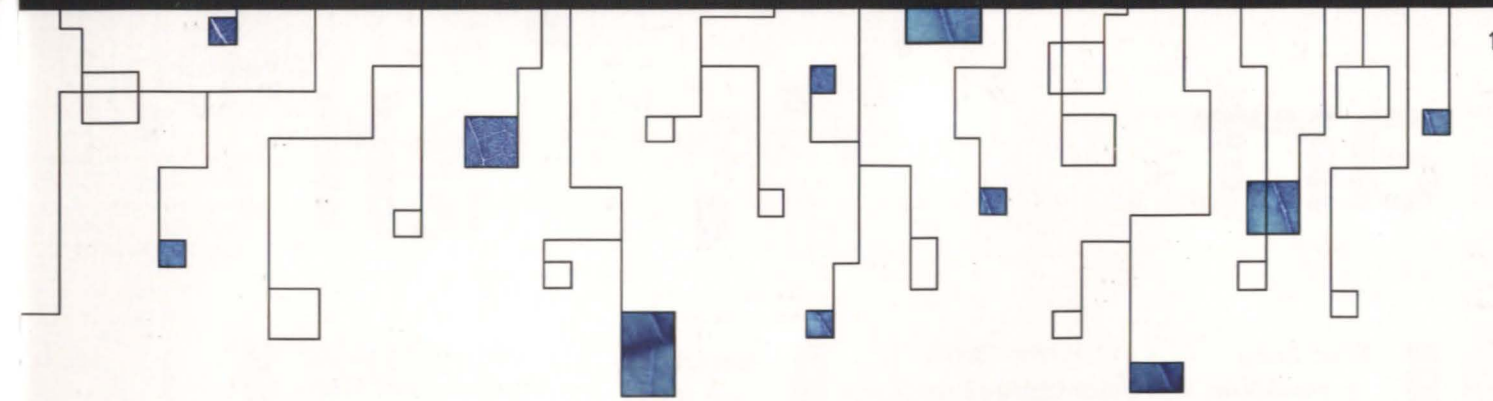


Mosaic





Dear Reader,

The tulips are in bloom and we have finally escaped the grasp of our drawn-out winter. Through the falling leaves and the wind, rain, and perpetual snow, *Mosaic* has had another wonderful year.

We have been lucky to have a great group of people working with creating the magazine and holding events geared towards providing an outlet for artists and writers hoping to get recognition for their work. First and foremost, we extend our gratitude towards our tireless Advisor, Angela Taylor. Without her guidance, our jobs would be much more difficult.

We also enjoyed hearing about the work of professors George Rush and Andrew Hudgins, who brought stellar students to our annual Professor Protégé event in February.

Our editorial board has been instrumental in assisting with event planning, publicity, and execution. The individual staffs associated with Art, Literature, and Layout also cannot go without thanks for the selection of pieces for the magazine and the creation of our publication.

We hope that you enjoy this year's *Mosaic*. It has been a labor of love, but we wouldn't have it any other way.

If you would like to get involved with *Mosaic* in the future, we would love for you to apply for a staff position in the fall or submit your work to be considered for publication. For more information visit our website, mosaicosu.com, or email us at mosaic@mosaicosu.com.

Sincerely,

The Editors-in-Chief
2011 *Mosaic Magazine*

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1st

Fred Celia

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Pastel on Acrylic-dyed Muslin

1st

Easier than you would ever think

Alex Kinsel

I slid out all the bones in my left hand
 under the banker's light on my smooth desk.
 It was easier than you would ever think.
 When the blood had dried, I filed them down
 until they looked like all the shiny pearls
 you love so much, the kind I can't afford.
 I strung them on thread, doubled then foured.

Gave them to you passively, a trinket –
 something small for surviving the Winter.
 Dear, you wore my bones ecstatically.
 Soon as they gently touched your neck, bees flocked,
 landing, dancing on the porous pieces.

Back home, you took me, led me to your bed,
 your body a trinket, given easily,
 quickly, without words, and when you took
 what had been the tip of my knuckle in
 your mouth and sucked it under your dry tongue –
 stifling all those little sounds of pleasure,
 I only felt my phantom limb's hushed throb.

Either you never realized or you were
 ashamed, coddled by Spring's balm, and hiding
 the fact that you were wearing my bones.
 It's striking, how polite you were and are,
 for in the sweet time that night and since,
 you never once mentioned my crippled hand.

Orphan

Hanna Wortkoetter

At the Windowsill Café
she watches spiders dine on flies who've lost their way
and with a sad, endearing smile, thanks the sky
for such a lovely cloudy day.

As the Café's guests are bound
by silky soft naivety, she makes no sound
and quietly beneath the glass and lace she waits,
hidden, yet yearning to be found.

Plagued by perturbation:
If not heaven, then at least an explanation.
Or the promise of a place where parents never die;
or a proven destination.

Too afraid to say goodbye,
but mercy comes in guise of wind chime lullabies,
and soon content in contemplation, she lingers lost
in admiration of the flies.

Old City Sidewalk
Katie Ferman
Photography



Mobile

Hanna Wortkoetter

I will keep these memories of you
below my chest, beneath the skin,
adjacent to pressed and pinned butterflies
who flew but once before they died.

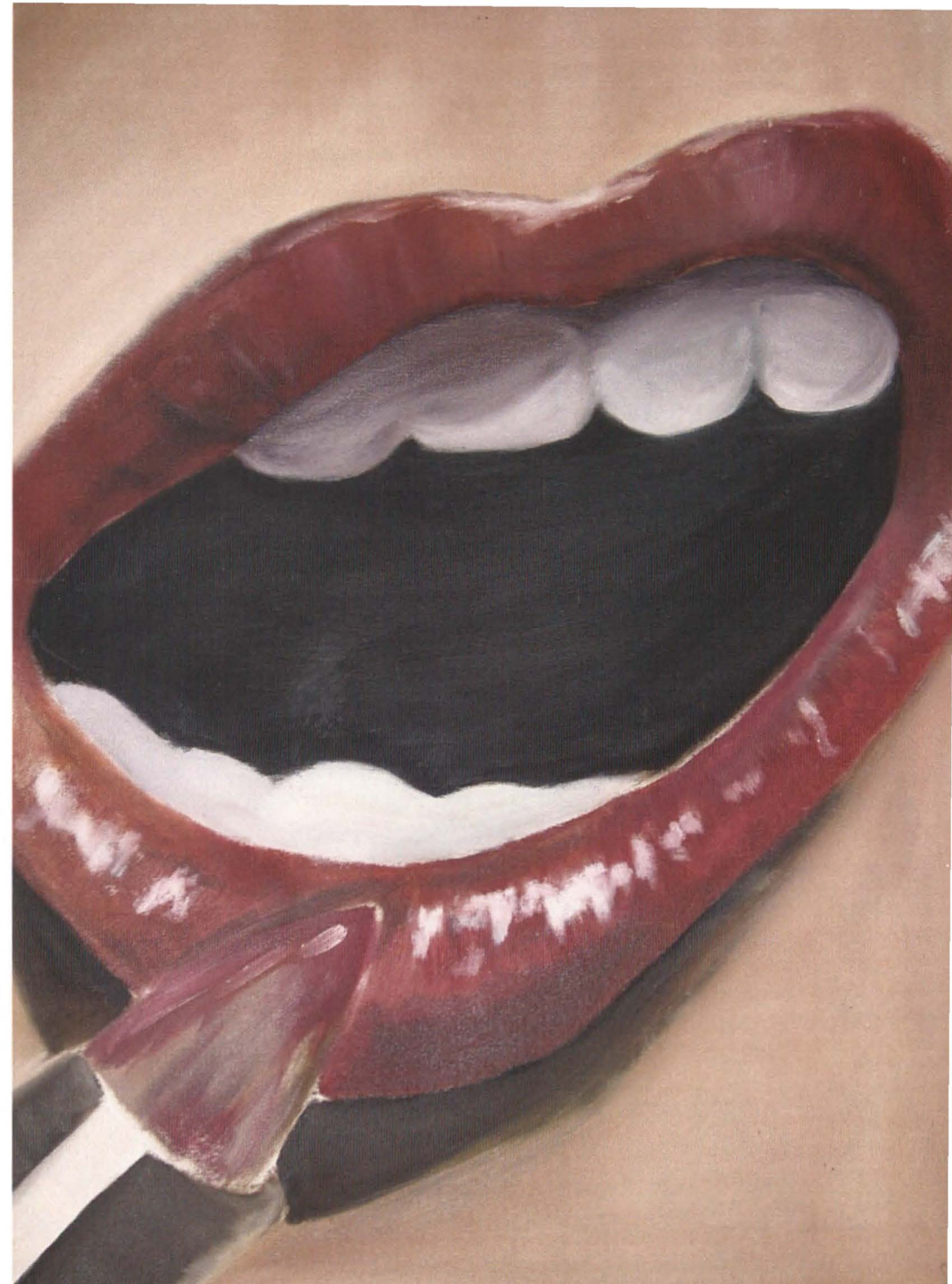
I will hide you here in solitude
until the blue flame of your eyes subsides
to a smoldering glow of regret,
unfit for the poorest peasant's wick.

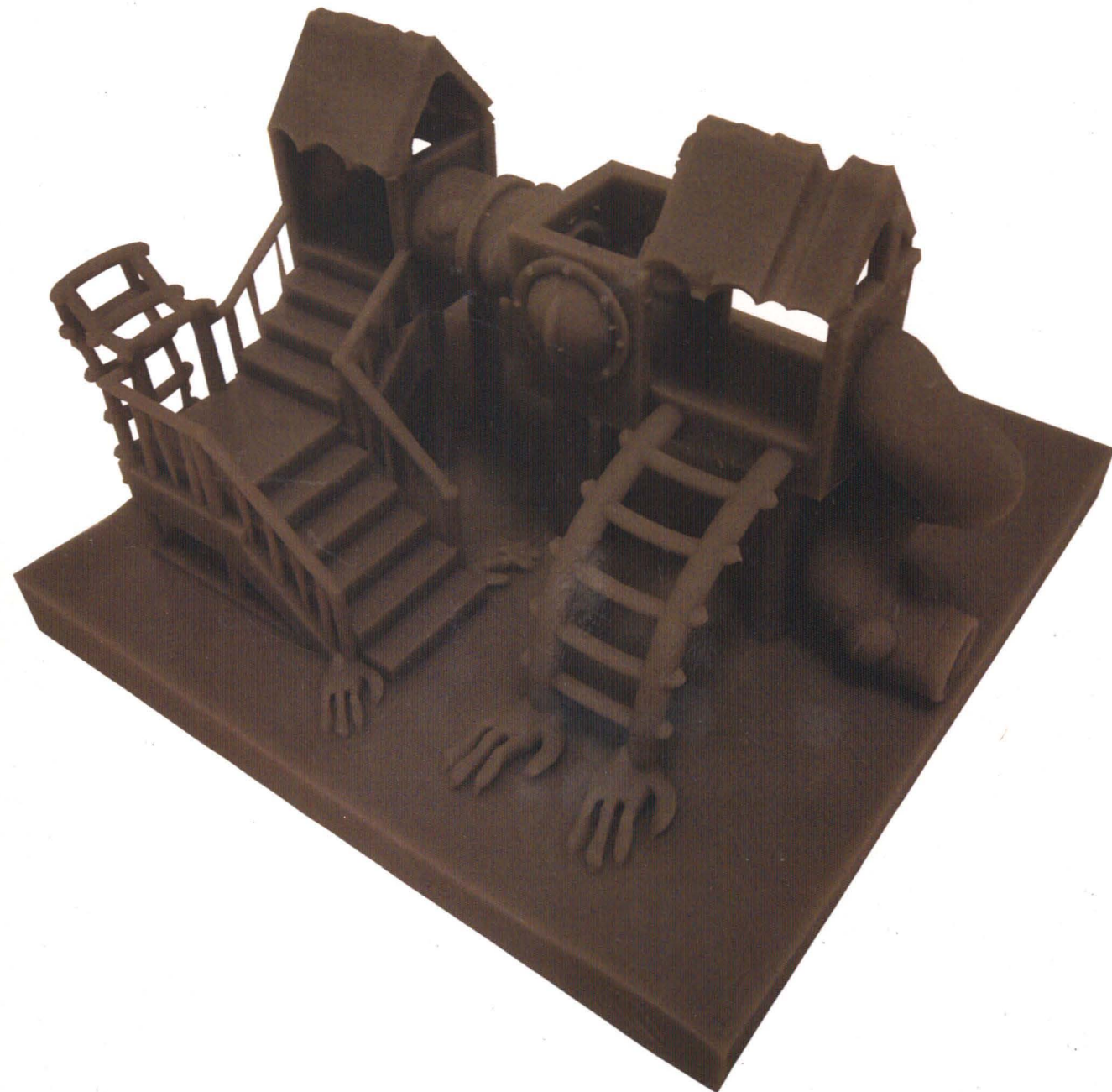
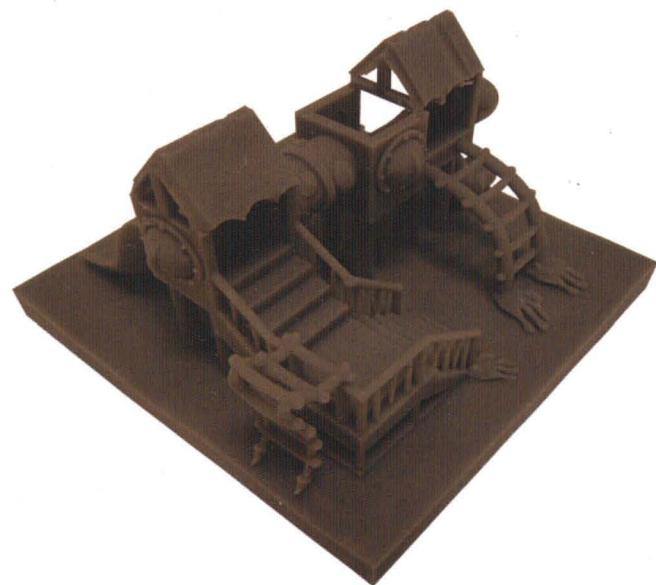
I will hold your name for ransom
and stipulate that you shall be called
by more suitable pseudonyms,
such as spider, liar, lover, thief.

I will take all things you cherished most:
That nervous smile, soft quivering hands
at your back, my laugh; careful to hang
each piece of me just out of reach...

And you will watch the mobile twirl,
consumed by the image of a girl
who so deeply loved the butterflies
she caught and killed them in their prime.

Apply
Sarah Mutchler
Oil on Canvas





3rd

Playground Monster

Faustine Gau
Rapid Prototype

A Single Way

Taylor Harrison Micks

Collapsing like linen
forming folds when falling,
the blackbird,
likening to briars, burrs, brush,
loathesome dead things, fades.

So too will I,
lying in light's dwindling,
absence fiercing my body slack,
be made still.
thickets, thistles, thorns,
loathesome dead things

I am not Elijah, nor am I Moses.
Press fangs through my down,
as quill in inkwell.
Lick my blood from feathered folds.
I will become field, forest, and fen,
vengeant worms and nitrogen.

Winter Parenthesis

Maria S. Hwang

((((()))

I know you wanted
a poem

((((()))

(()))

but sunday passed. And the words came out

((((()))

premature. ((()))

So I slid down into the gardens.

And I thrust myself back into the soil.

I have dirt under my nails.
((())) From picking you flowers.
And pushing myself under
like a bulb.

((((()))

I swam
in the dirt.

(()))

And when the flowers saw (())
they did the same. and lost all their petals ((
back into the earth. ()

So brown and dirty
I turned myself black.

in ink.

(())

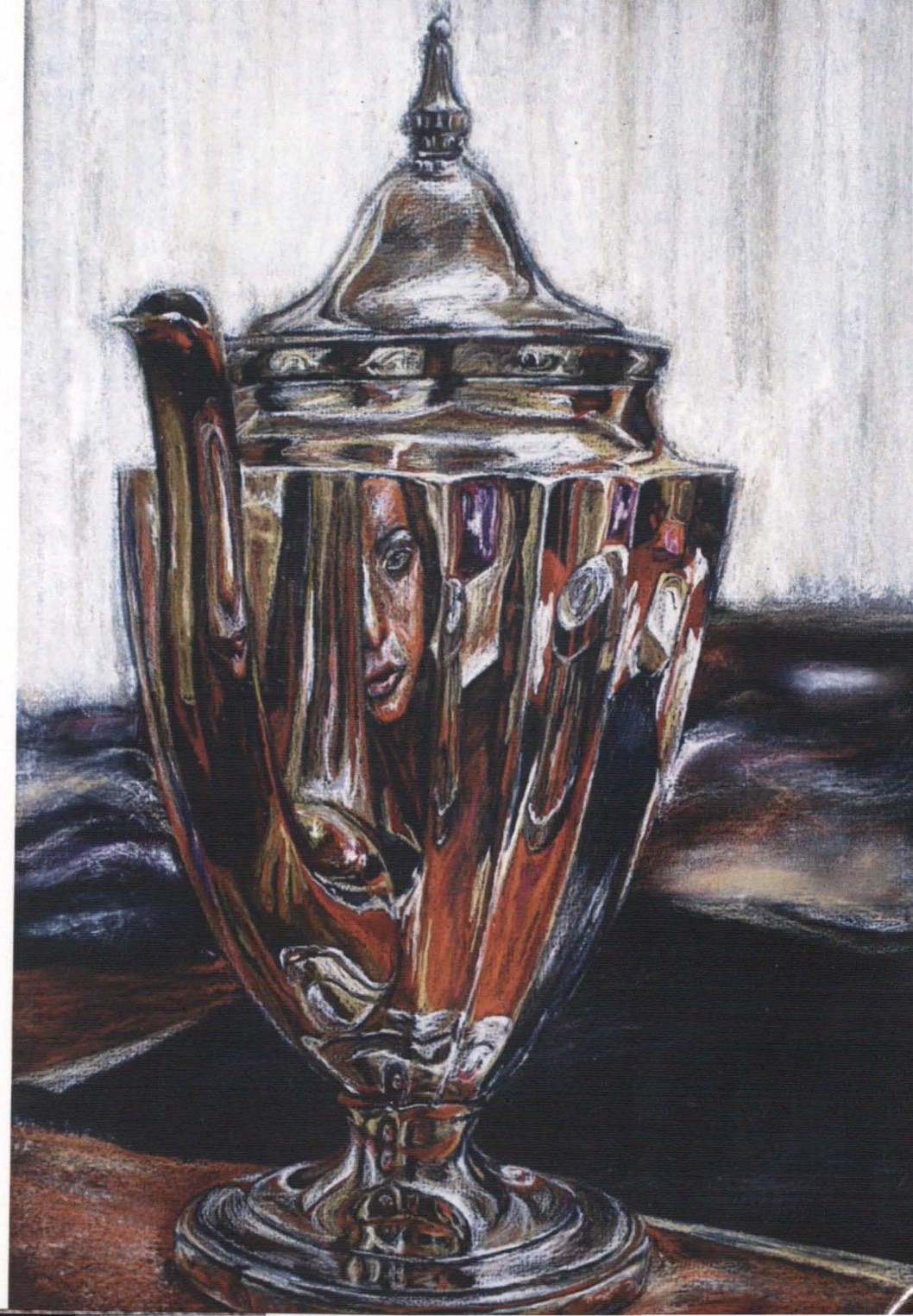
(()))

And found you some beautiful winter parenthesis.
I have found they bloom best when you sing. ((()))



*°Due to a proofing error,
these pieces were not
included in time for
publishing. Regardless,
these three works are
among our top selections
for the 2010–2011 issue.*

I'm a Little Teapot
Madelaine Keim
Colored Pencil and Chalk
on Black Paper



Drowned Sorrow
Vanessa Burrowes
Photography





The Shed

Kimberly Harvang
Oil on Canvas



Ecotone

Ashley Fournier

A jungle, thick with trees, moss
collecting on bark like layers
of history, or memories
spread in a greenmost style,
beautiful secluded hiding
behind palm leaves glazed in
rain. Leaves curve suspended like hands.
Down below there is a stone
kingdom where spotted frogs rule
territory, set laws unknown by
a single soul in the whole country.
The frogs look through huge red eyes
at their country which stretches from
a fallen Balsawood to a whirlpool
turning at the mouth of a waterfall.
Mist comes falling slow
from the morning heavens, leaving
a layer of cool water to cover
everything, even the frogs' orange-dipped
toes, even the handprint fading
from the language like a question.

Red Tree

Kevin Kaiser
Photography

The Way Things Wait

Taylor Harrison Micks

I.

I was ashamed
that the word obsequious even existed.
Why,
because someone could be so kind?

Hemp anklet, blond breasts
I remembered her hands fawning my thighs.
She knew she didn't know
what she was doing.
Her hands hurt me, pulling.

I felt so loved.

III.

Alone in my dining room,
Elbows in,
clutching the seat so fast my fingers ached,
I kicked off from the table, trying to keep my eyes open,
to feel the fall, the culminating crash,
the tipping that might be measured in nanoseconds
or fractions of a day.

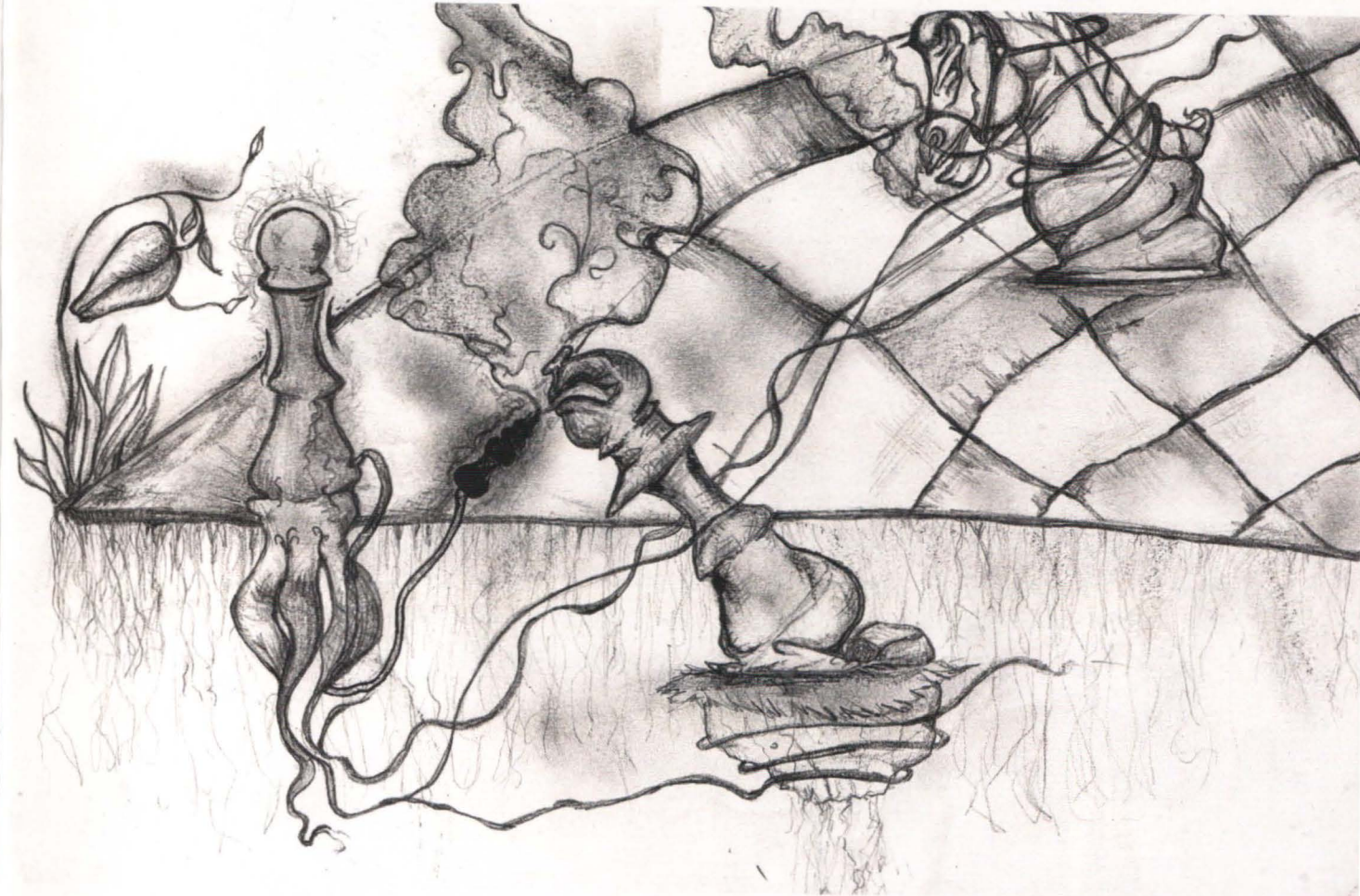
An icon
bled into my vision.
A boulder in stasis
atop a spire
demonstrating inertia in a Silver-Burdett-Ginn
fifth grade textbook.

II.

In the still of a cedar sauna,
and again through the hush of a forest that I could never find anon,
I was nonplussed that I could hear my wristwatch.
So gorgeous is it's waltz,
precisely punctuated,
never acting before it should.

The way things wait

I stared, prostrated, at my fingertips,
bulbous with carmine creases
where teeth had moved too far inland.
I wept.



Government
Mandy Kendall
Pencil



Flowers in Cadaques

Nikhil Menon
Photography

On Sonnets

Kevin McCraney

You bastard, Petrarch. You're wasting my time!
Your form is trite and lacks merit. I'll twist
arms, cap knees, break feet; anything to rhyme
my soul with my mind, clench a fiery fist
of conceit to bludgeon your old buddy
Shakespeare. Billy boy, keep your damn 'thee,' and 'thou,'
Seventeenth century speech need not muddy
modern language. Linguistically it's allowed,
but it's verbal masturbation, this quatrain
and couplet bullshit. Poetry should be
more about feeling than this pointless arcane
practice of trapping words iambically,
as if wordsmiths were cruel poachers. Let the birds
of free verse fly and sing, and not be idle words.

An Attempt at Self-Loathing

James Kinkaid

I've been trying all day to hate myself.

Let me be clearer: I have been trying to inspire (within myself) a deep disgust (for myself).

That is, I'm undergoing an experiment in creative self-loathing.

So far it's been unsuccessful; every time I've managed to become positively enraged, I realize that it's not loathing proper, or that it's misdirected. I have to raze the ground; I must start from total ignorance and relearn the language that I'm attempting to apply. I pull out my copy of the OED, throw it on my desk, and copy down a few definitions:

loathing n. The action of loathe v.; intense dislike, abhorrence; strong distaste (for food).

loathe v. To feel aversion or dislike for; to be reluctant or unwilling to (do something). Now only with stronger sense: To have an intense aversion for; to regard with utter abhorrence and disgust.

loathing-stock n. An object of loathing. Obs.

So in order to loathe myself, I must predicate disgust of myself to myself. I follow the steps carefully, so that I don't miss one and go tumbling. (Remember the time I fell down the stairs, cut my hand, and mother, chatting with her sister on the phone, told me to stop being such an idiot?)

α loathes β .

α has an intense aversion to β .

I have an intense aversion to myself.

I loathe myself.

I am both loather and loathing-stock.

Have I made myself a loathing-stock? The word is obsolete, so we must imagine circumstances under which it might be appropriately applied. It's early January. January 3, a Thursday. Or rather, un giovedì. We're in the Piazza Carlo Alberto in Turin, Italy. The trees, covered in dripping icicles, glisten in the sunlight; it is unseasonably warm, and all over the plaza, there are young lovers strolling hand in hand. It's mid-afternoon, maybe two o'clock. (Truthfully, no one's paying much attention to the time.) Just then, a crazed man runs across the plaza, throws his arms around the neck of a horse that's being whipped, and collapses. "What a loathing-stock," the onlookers might have said (or rather, the sub-titles—they're speaking Italian), and perhaps they would be right. The man whipping the horse would certainly loathe this headcase for getting in the way of his senseless maliciousness. (I imagine the horse bending down to the man lying on the stone tile by her hooves, nuzzling him with her snout in a silent grazie.) This is not the first time this man (let's call him ϕ) has been loathed; for years, he has been wandering around town, minding his own business, egg salad soiling his full moustache, completely unaware of the glares of disgust that are regularly thrown his way. He fights off a gnawing loneliness, a loneliness that drips down the back of the throat and leaves a perpetual bad taste; because of this loneliness, he commits one too many sexual indiscretions and contracts a nasty case of syphilis from a prostitute. So yes, I think it's fair to label old ϕ a loathing-stock.

Let's fast-forward a few years. ϕ is bed-ridden, drooling on himself and babbling utter nonsense.

His sister, ϵ , in order to turn a profit from her brother's collapse, sells tickets to come see the once great ϕ in

his maniacal stupor; he has been reduced to little more than a circus sideshow. Haughty aristocratic gentleman (he did so much to clear their name, why do they betray him now?) come in to have a good guffaw at ϕ as he mutters about his crucifixion some years back. (Have I been crucified myself? Ah yes, I remember it—a dreadfully somber affair). But I'm not so quick to judge; I listen to what the madman has to say.

"Lift up every boulder, turn your mental eye inward and have a look around; there's no self to be found," ϕ confides to me (again, I have to look down for the sub-titles—it's German now), and I believe him.

I've been going about this all wrong. 'Loathing' is perfectly clear; it's right here before me in small black letters. But what could a self be? It is my essential core; that which remains after all the accidents are stripped away. It's as though I'm a cardboard doll; dress me up any way you like. (Make me a few inches shorter, put me in a uniform; I'm Napoléon Bonaparte, Emperor of France. Bonjour, ça va? Moi, je ne suis pas très en forme. Or am I just a convincing imitation [of the great emperor, of myself]?). Either way, I'm still nothing but cardboard. Even if I do manage to find something to loathe—my past perhaps, the choices I've made and can never take back—is this a self that nauseates me so?

No. These are partial selves at best, individual frames in a movie. Cut out the coda and the film ceases to be; it is a procession of images, nothing else. Not until I'm on my deathbed (like poor ϕ) is a verdict even possible.

I hope that I have more than 23 years left (13 of sanity). But even if I do, what difference could it possibly make? After I've descended into madness, I'll no longer be my own narrator; I'll have to appoint a literary executor.

And if she transforms my words with pernicious intent, if she ~~strikes out~~ all the most important bits and makes me the mouthpiece for some wicked dogma, what then? That hodgepodge self, that fraud—it is he whom I fear; it is he whom I loathe.

What I must do: sit down at this desk, cut and paste and papier-mâché together a self, something of which I can say, "Ja, I am this chewed paper. Thus I willed it." Every nein already contains a ja, yes? (This was the one thing I could never convince you of.) I'll seal it in an envelope, send it to my friends, my former lovers, any potential saboteurs. My very own Wahnbriefe. My friends: they despair of my madness; I don't mind it. Will I let myself be marked up in red pen, typeset and copyrighted? Sing it out:

Nein, dreimal nein!

Watching the last ten years of ϕ 's life, his deterioration, his humiliation, I cannot help but imagine him absolutely content. They don't see it, but I know that he's living his eternal return, playing it back at any speed he likes.

In my happiest moments, I imagine myself like ϕ .

The Minutia of Strangers' Vehicles

Alex Kinsel

The radio said a man died last night
under the graffiti-riddled overpass,
just laid down and went with the hiss
clank and whirr of cars passing overhead;
defeated and tired, like a dolphin trapped
in the shallows by low-tide.

So that's where I walked this morning,
loose-limbed in the crystalline sun, arriv-
ing
to find nothing but litter in the mangy
grass,
two birds flitting from buttress to buttress
like angels outside the empty tomb.

It's strange the way a heartbeat ends,
how it creaks and slows like a Ferris
wheel,
how its rhythm fades like dust in sunlight.

You were humming in the shower,
condensation beading on the glass door
when you first knew
the child inside you was dead.

Wondering how it felt,
to know something you'd been carrying
was dead and still inside,
I laid down and listened to wheels
humming above me,
the murmur stranger than silence,
more foreign than an empty church.

I strained to make out
the minutia of strangers' vehicles:
all the loose ball bearings and misfiring
spark-plugs,
all the vinyl-covered and plastic-bound
fears of cautious drivers,
and all the pistons beating like oil-
smeared primitive hearts;
pounding hard and then gradually softer,
as the each stranger sped away from
where I lay.



Welcome to The Lower Ninth Ward

Vanessa Burrowes
Photography



Removing a Pseudofossil from Your Bed

L. Ashley Shank

It's impossible, removing
a pseudofossil from
your bed.

Bubbling minerals
percolate
in the night.

In the morning
you walk around the house with
all your molecules showing, vibrating

for a cup of coffee. His arms spread
out, fan out, fill the fissure
you left. They hang

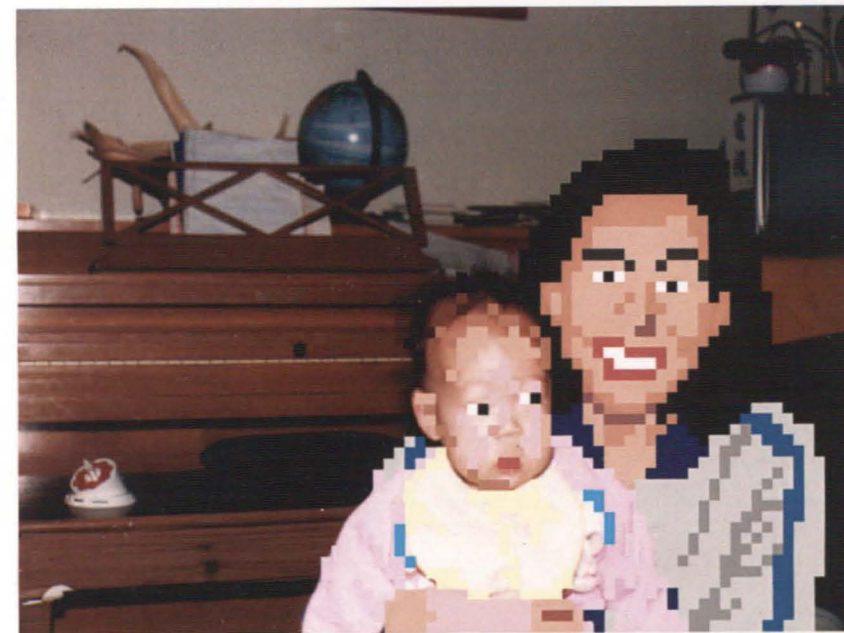
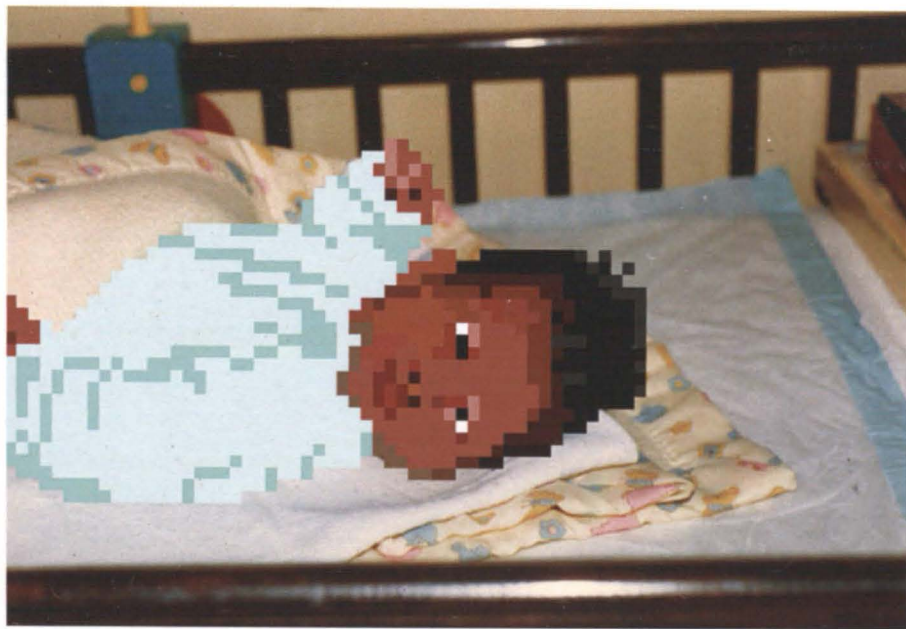
there, he lies
there, looking like the real thing, looking
like leaves

pressed, solidified in sandstone, like he's
not some sort of crystallized
manganese oxide. So know:

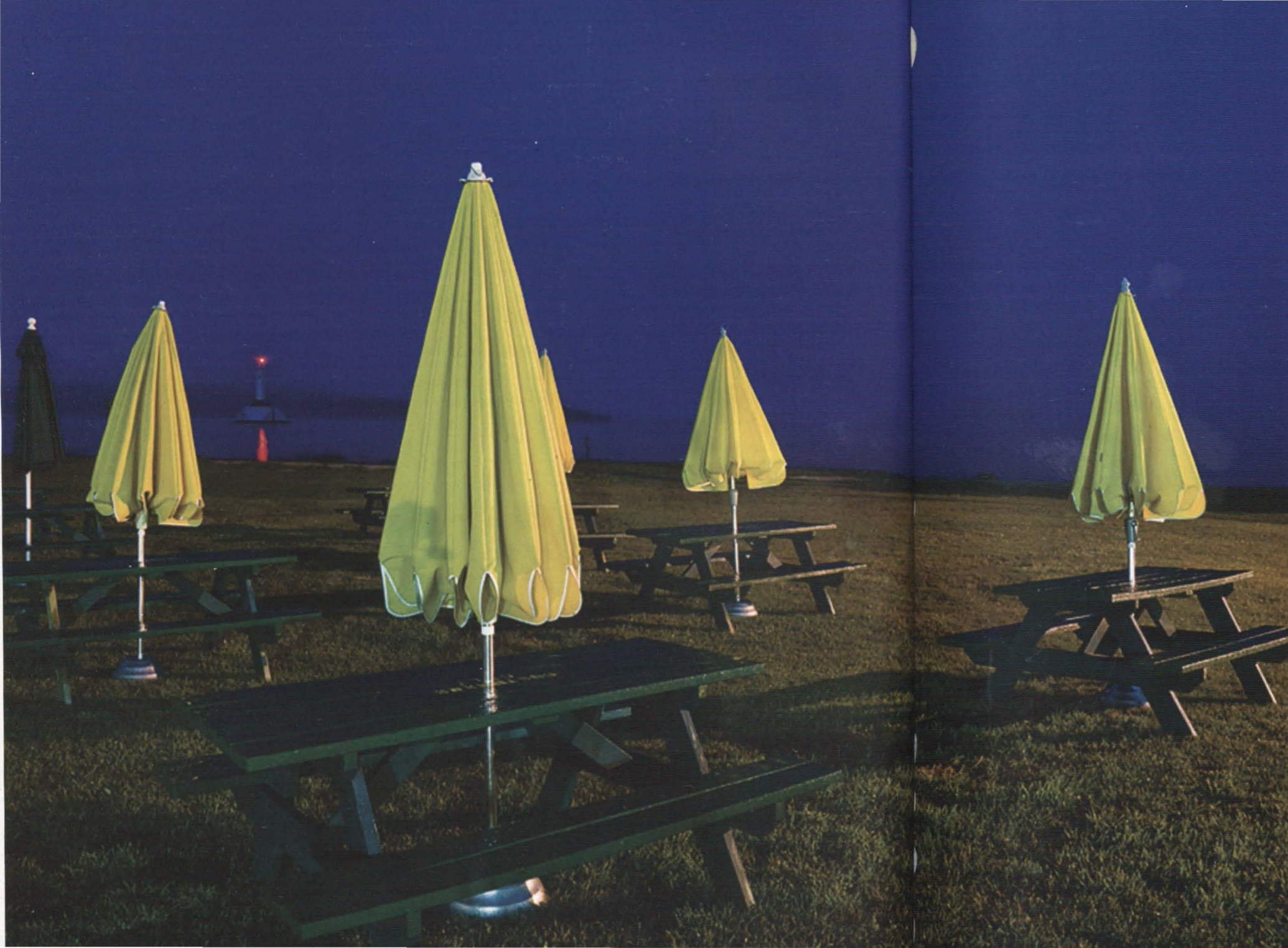
Man never needed sun like ferns.

2nd

Gumzilla
Faustine Gau
Print



The Game of Life
Faustine Gau
Print Series



Coffee Shop

James Kinkaid

went to the coffee shop to read poetry
 'cause that's the beat thing to do
 but the caffeine's gone straight to my head
 and the poem's all sped up
 and after all, a poem's a world
 (this one spinning like a top around around)
 and the poet's drinking bottle after bottle
 of red wine
 and the keys are moving at unseen speeds
 without jamming

now we're stretched out
 on the hood of his car
 with a bottle between us
 gazing up at a sky
 littered with typewriter keys
 and he's teaching me the constellations
 (making them up as he goes)
 then i yawn
 as he takes off on some
 wildeyed trajectory

but now it's wearing off
 and everything is slow and silent again
 and the poet closes his eyes
 for a long dreamless sleep
 until i shake him awake
 for another go

Picnic Tables

Matt Carissimi
 Archival Inkjet Print

Let's build us a town, darling

James Kinkaid

let's build us a town, darling
with houses hugging the ground
(lest they get lightheaded)
and churches packed to the rafters,
steeple pointing every which way
the priest inside giving equal airtime
to picasso and genghis khan, kafka and sir isaac newton
(oh yes: christ made a brief appearance)

markets stocked with all manner of oddities:
the eyeglasses of a winking martyr, the
chess set of an old saint
(you always preferred checkers yrself,
my lovely heretic)

schools where the children lecture
on the importance of forgetting a thing or two
and our brains are on perpetual leave
(vacationing in some sweltering tourist trap,
no doubt)
so that our souls are free to play kickball
and make faces at the clouds
until they turn around
to find night all but fallen

but no worry, my dear
the night is clear and bright here
(all the better for watching it all play out)

School Boys

Katie Ferman
Photography





Chemistry

Mandy Kendall
Oil on Stretch Canvas

The last of the smokers

Alex Kinsel

I see them today, huddled
outside the hospital door –
the last of the smokers,
craggy-faced entryway lurkers.

Doctors between shifts,
janitors leaning against trash cans,
visitors talking sports impatiently –
these men are antiquated already,
fading at the edges.

In the future, I drive a compact car.
I do not drink, I wear shirts with crisp collars.
I vote down the party line, I am an expert
at the fine art of building a swing set.
“Can a man continue to pretend
he has it all under control?” I say.

Way up there in the future, I rarely sleep
in my own bed. Often I wake up
in the back lawn – dew in my eyes,
grass clippings dangling from my nightshirt.
This is so far ahead in time, of course,
that I constantly forget
my blond daughter’s name
still I pride myself on recognizing
which white cross remembers her
at which country intersection.

After all those desktop calendars,
have been thrown away,
there are no smokers –
they’ve gone the same way as
obese children and the alcoholic gene,
they’ve been snubbed out like a final Gitane
on the cobblestones along the Seine.

But still, some fall mornings,
catching the vapor of my breath
while taking out the trash,
I am taken back to today;
the meek stances of those men,
the morose lines of their faces,
lost in the last of the smoke.



Artists & Authors

Matt Carissimi °

Vanessa Burrowes

As a third year undergrad majoring in biology, Vanessa someday hopes to travel the world, ripping entire villages from the cusp of microbial destruction. She will be a well-trained assassin, feared by pathogenic fungi, bacteria, eukaryotes, and archaea alike. Until then, Vanessa remains buried under a contaminated lab coat, using the escape of her camera to remind herself of the beauty of life away from the lab workbench.

Katie Ferman

Katie is a sophomore majoring in International Studies and Environmental Policy and Management at Ohio State. On her pieces: "I took these photographs this past summer while on a trip to Hyderabad, India, with the OSU student group Global Health Initiative. Because I am not an experienced photographer, I really had no idea how to take a photograph to make it aesthetically pleasing or technically correct — I just tried my best to capture what I thought most fully represented the spirit of the country and how I saw it as a foreigner. Fun fact: Both of these pictures were taken from a rickshaw!"

Ashley Fournier

Ashley Fournier is a second-year Honors English major from Columbus, Ohio. She writes for two humor publications on campus, *The Sundial* and *The Sentinel*, and serves as contributing writer to *Just a Minute Mom*. As a member of Sigma Tau Delta, she actively promotes the literary community on campus. After graduation, she plans to attend graduate school for English and ultimately become a publisher or journalist. She was raised by her grandparents, who inspire her every day.

Faustine Gau

Faustine is from Hudson, Ohio, and is graduating from Art & Technology this quarter and hopes to get a job and move to California eventually!

Maria S. Hwang

Maria S. Hwang began writing at the age of three or four. Most don't remember the exact date, and considered the early rhymes to be primitive. Currently, Hwang is a second-year English student who hopes to go into Law School for Immigrant Rights. But when she isn't studying she is often searching for her keys, eating blueberries, or making sound effects to annoy her boyfriend. Her poetry can often be found ripped up, written on napkins, or neatly stacked in storage bins.

Kevin Kaiser

Kevin is from Columbus, Ohio and majoring in Environmental Science. He wants to move to Canada and be a park ranger and enjoys taking pictures of natural landscapes and wildlife.

Madelaine Keim

Madelaine is from Cincinnati, Ohio. Her major is currently nursing, but is subject to change. With oil as her favorite medium, she despises using pencil and avoids it at all costs!

Mandy Kendall

Mandy is a senior in biology and is graduating this spring. She has grown up in the air force and has lived in New Jersey, Hawaii, and Ohio. She is nominated for a position in the Peace Corps to teach science and is waiting for a formal invitation.

James Kinkaid

James is a person that persists through time and instantiates a number of properties. He has inhabited a number of spatiotemporal locations during his existence, including many of the spacetime points that constitute The Ohio State University on the macrophysical level. He is very pleased to be a concrete entity that serves as a relatum in numerous n-place relations with other entities, both concrete and abstract. He has yet to fail to be self-identical, much to his chagrin.

Alex Kinsel

Alex Kinsel is a senior English major. Though his girlfriend tells him that most days he dresses like a soccer dad, he thinks he looks sharp. These t-shirts and jeans don't wear themselves. Recently, his work has appeared in *Collere*, *Xanadu*, *The Evening Street Review*, and *The Hawaiian Pacific Review*.

Kevin McCraney

Kevin McCraney is originally from Toledo, Ohio. He is preoccupied with intertextuality, pastiche, and totality. In the fall, he will be attending the University of Louisiana at Lafayette, studying TESOL and American Studies (and music production on the side). Rather than have a trite goal for his writing like composing the Great American Novel, Kevin wishes to restructure the metalanguage of history itself, by becoming literate in the works of philosophers and critical theorists, and composing a short-story collection based on and responding to their ideologies.

Nikhil Menon

Nikhil Menon is a senior from Cincinnati, Ohio, majoring in Biology with minors in Spanish and Music. Nikhil has been interested in photography for a number of years, as it inspires his creative side and provides a recuperative break from his scientific coursework. In his free time, Nikhil enjoys taking advantage of the outdoors, learning foreign languages, and traveling to new places. After graduating from Ohio State in June, Nikhil will be attending medical school at Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York City.

Taylor Harrison Micks °

Sarah Mutchler

Sarah Mutchler is currently a sophomore pre-Art Education major at The Ohio State University. She grew up in Defiance, Ohio and enjoys drawing, painting, reading, and exercising in her spare time. After graduation, she would love to teach high school art!

Hanna Wortkoetter °

L. Ashley Shank

Ashley was born and raised in Milford, Ohio. She graduates in June with a BA in English and Geography with a focus on Society and the Environment. She loves her family and her friends, bike rides, and Joni Mitchell.

° Not provided in time for publication

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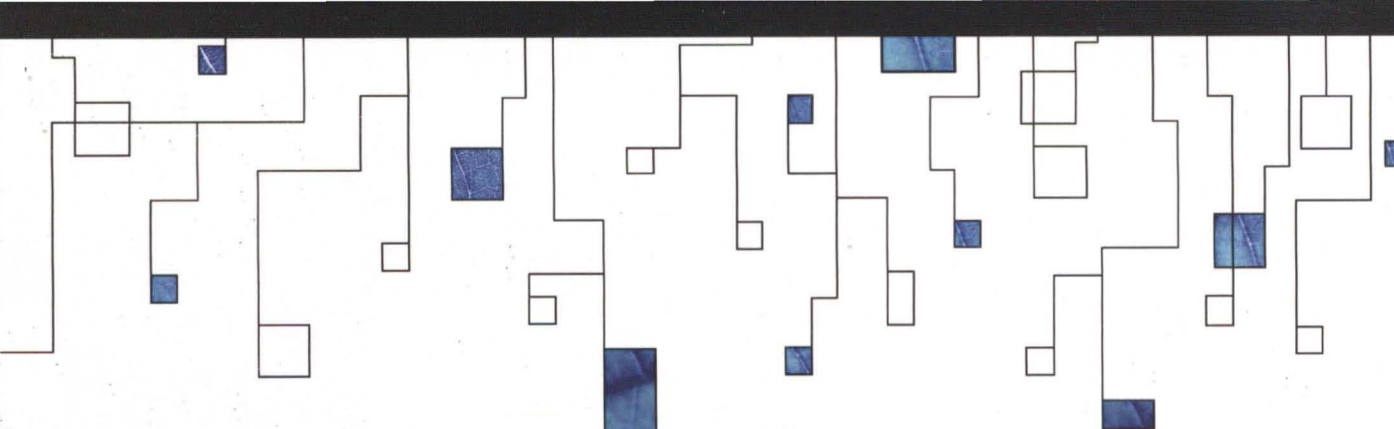


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